

## Sweet Miss Margery

"Hope was almost dead forever when I visited you at Crosbie; and then suddenly by one of those strange, unexpected chances that come to us at times, it burst into a living, glowing flame once more. All through the past years I had prayed that you, Gladys, gone, my child might be spared, and, Stuart, my prayer was granted. At Crosbie one morning I came face to face with a girl at sight of whom I seemed to have stepped back into the past. I was startled by the image of my sweet wife. I spoke to the girl, learned her name, Margery Dwyer, and until she had gone did hope wake in my breast, bringing once more the feeling of eager gladness that I thought dead forever.

"I waited a day or two, but quietly made inquiries, and obtained all the information I wanted; then, having first learned the truth and honesty of your nature, I determined to confide all to you, and claim my child; for that she is my child there is no doubt. But happiness was not to be grasped at once; again late was unkind. When I made my way to the cottage where Margery lived it was to find her gone—gone across the sea to Australia. The sudden pain and disappointment aside, I was myself again. Australia was nothing to me; I would start at once, and reap my child yet in my arms before I died.

"So, Stuart, I leave this in your hands. If I succumb, seek out my Margery and give her my rights. To you I leave all, for I know you will do as I wish; and remember she is your cousin and your equal. Guard her, Stuart, from harm, if it be in your power, and may Heaven bless and reward you for all you may do. It will be necessary to explain how I discovered Margery to be my child. As I told you, I made most minute inquiries, learning all particulars from people both in Chesterham and Hurstley. I sought for Dr. Scott, the medical man who had attended during the railway accident; he had been in the erubank many years before, but he remembered the incident well, and his description of the poor dead woman only confirmed my hopes and fears. Acting upon his advice, I went to Newton, and by dint of money and able men traced my darling's life during two long years of misery. The story of her sufferings, of her daily toil, her broken heart, I cannot dwell on. Heaven grant you may never know the terrible agony of hopeless remorse and longing that I am now enduring! Despair seizes me when I remember my madness, her wrong—my own—wife! Bring me the joy of finding my child can bring me peace. The happiness I experienced in the knowledge of her existence, I shared with every-day bitterness and sorrow, for she recalls her mother.

"But I weary you with my moans, Stuart; let me get on with my story. Gladly then, without a friend in the world, for her name would have nothing to say to her, being especially bitter when she learned my wrongs, separated—doubted and wronged, had, in addition to her other troubles, the hardship of poverty to face. She struggled to get employment, with little success, however; from time to time she managed to make money by teaching, but this never lasted long. Still, through all her trials, her courage never forsook her; she lived for her child. I have spoken with some who knew her in those days; they dwell on her sadness, her sweetness, her innate refinement, little knowing how their words hurt my heart. It would be useless to describe the hopelessness, the misery of her life; she died with her jewels, and at last in desperation an advertisement for a situation as maid, and she was sent to the workhouse, where she remained for six months, and of Margery's birth. My lawyers have in their possession a small box, which after my death they will hand to you. In it are the jewels which belonged to my wife. Give it to Margery. And now, Stuart, I have finished. Pray nothing and guard my child as far as lies in your power. My heart is full of gratitude when I think of the good kind woman who took her, a weak, helpless baby and reared her so well. I have written to Lady Cunningham words of gratitude that sound almost like words of prayer; that I could have done so to others—Mrs. Graham and Mary Morris. But death has gathered them, and the power is taken from me. One thing more, Stuart; lay me beside Gladys in the little country church yard where kind stranger hands laid her, though in life we were separated so ruthlessly, as in death be together."

Stuart had sat long after he had read the letter, his heart aching with pity for his dead cousin. The tale of sorrow was so heavy that for a time it banished his own grief; but as he rose and paced the room, the memory of what he had brought all back clearly, and he saw the bitterness of the task before him. A faint wave of gladness for her sake was checked by the reflection that they were parted forever. Still he would be firm; he was pledged to the dead, and, even were the pain deadly, he would keep his word, look out Margery, and give her right as his cousin and heiress to Becham Park.

The news that caused Mrs. Crosbie such wrath and annoyance brought alarm and fear unspeakable to Vane Charteris' breast. This unexpected blow following on her unexpected success almost crushed her by its suddenness. Stuart would meet Margery, learn the truth, and she would be humiliated and disgraced. Moved by her anxiety, she added her voice to his mother's, and endeavored to shake his determination to sail for Australia. She did not believe herself by word or look; she only spoke prettily of her loneliness, and of

how it would be a wiser course to send out an agent to the antipodes in search of his new cousin, and not to go himself. She stored her speech with reference to Margery's faithlessness, hoping they would take effect; but it was all to no purpose. Stuart was firm, and refused to be turned from his determination. Had his father added his voice to the chorus, he might have yielded; but the squire was eager that Stuart should fulfill his promise, and declared truthfully that his health was so much stronger that his son might leave him without any hesitation. So, instead of the clear sky which Vane had pictured to herself clouds were gathering on all sides, and fear planted thorns at every step in her path, making her faint with apprehension and dread of exposure and disgrace.

CHAPTER XXV.

Margery was strangely affected when she learned that Sir Douglas Gerant had returned. She could not banish from her mind the thought that in some way her presence had caused him distress. The earl saw her pained face, and immediately determined to put all business affairs aside and take his wife down to Court Manor. So, on the afternoon following her visit to the late baronet, Margery was carried away from London to her new home.

When she arrived it was too dark for her to see her surroundings; but the pure freshness of the country, and the silence after the bustle and noise of the London streets, the faint sighing of the kind in the trees, brought a thrill of peace and gladness to her, and as she stood at the low wide door and gazed around so peaceful, rambling hall she looked so pleased and comforted that the earl's heart rejoiced. It was a delicate old-world place. There were several large, old-fashioned rooms, with light-colored walls, and the furniture of no modern date, the smell of the flowers, the glow of the fire-light—all seemed to speak of home. It was a haven of rest and quiet after the storm of the past few months. And if at night this feeling came, it was even stronger in the morning. As she drew her curtains aside and looked out over the wide vista of country Margery gave a little sigh of relief. Here she had nothing to fear, nothing to remind her of the past; here it would be easy to forget and grow content.

The pain that contracted Nugent's heart as he stood once more in his old home ceased when he saw the glow of hope, love and happiness on his wife's delicate, lovely face, and he pictured himself a future all bright and gladness. In both their hearts, as they entered the house, the same memory lived—the memory of Lady Emily. Margery set up a little prayer to Heaven that she might prove grateful to the man whose heart was so tender and true, whose sufferings had been so great, and he mutely thanked his angel-sister that she went she bestowed so great a treasure to him as Margery.

His whole being was so impregnated with his great love that he had failed to discover the true cause of Margery's passive gentleness. It was true he did not think her heart held so deep a love as his own; but she was young, the marriage was hurried, love must have time to grow. In time his great devotion must reap its reward. The thing she now had would change to love. He must be patient and wait. So he reasoned in his happiness, dwelling with a thrill of joy on the memory that Margery had the star of his life, and a new light to turn to. The pleasure that to whom she belonged in her new home struck the final chord of happiness in his heart.

The girl found much to occupy her in her new position, and her lively face beamed with gladness as she welcomed her gracious mistress to her new master. Margery learned accidentally from her husband that he had neglected his business in town on purpose to bring her away, and, without a moment's hesitation, she begged him to remain and consult with her. The earl demurred but at last he assented, and she would not be fairly, he agreed, and departed, leaving many tender assurances which she took great care of herself in his absence.

The young wife felt a pang of remorse at the relief and pleasure she experienced when quite alone. She struggled hard with herself day and night; member so weary, so hard, and to be surrounded by all that the world holds dear, she found no satisfaction in her wealth; her mind was lost to the present; it would perpetually wander to the past; that past which, despite its pain and humiliation, was so sweet. The return to the country had brought back so much that was linked with her brief boyhood that the struggle seemed to grow greater day by day.

Pauline noticed her mistress's grave face, but attributed it to her long absence and, to cheer her, would repeat the servant's tales and anecdotes of his goodness, little thinking that every word went to Margery's heart like a sword thrust. She regretted with deep, unspeakable grief that she had spoken of Stuart and her whereabouts; she would have been different, and she would not have divulged her vows to the man, the depth of whose generosity, tenderness and devotion touched her with a sudden pain. If she could but give him in return one-half the love he bestowed on her, she would be happy; but her love was dead, buried in a vast summer dream, and she had nothing left for him. The loves and hours of the life of a man.

They are swift and sad, being born of the sea— Hours that rejoice and regret for a span. Born with a man's breath mortal as he— Loves that are lost ere they come to birth. Woods of the wave without fruit upon earth.

I lose what I long for, save what I can— My love, my love, and no love for me! "It is not much that a man can save On the sands of life, in the straits of time, Who swims in sight of the great third wave; That never a swimmer shall cross or climb— Some waif washed up with the strays and spars That ebb-tide shows to the shore and the stars, Weed from the water, grass from the grave. A broken blossom, a ruined rhyme."

Yes, that was all that remained now, "a broken blossom, a ruined rhyme." Her life might be sweet again, but it would never be as it was on that evening in Weald Wood, when her young heart was first touched by love.

Lady Court was absent two days; then he crossed to see his intended return. Margery was wandering in the garden and the pleasure when Pauline brought the telegram to her. With a vague sense of apprehension, Margery tore it open.

"Your master returns to-night, and brings a guest. Tell Mrs. Perry to see that the rooms are prepared, Pauline."

Pauline nodded her head in a self-satisfied manner.

"I am glad. Milord will be welcome; it is so gloomy here for miladi alone. Ah, and miladi will make a grand toilet to-night."

"I leave myself in your hands, Pauline," returned Lady Court, with a faint smile, which vanished when she was left alone.

Her husband was returning again. Once more she would suffer the agony of pain and remorse in his presence; but she must be strong, and remember only her duty and how much she owed him.

The afternoon wore away, and evening was drawing on. It was dark and gloomy, one of those unpleasant days that come in November. Margery walked to and fro, till she was weary, and then turned into a small room that she had chosen for her boudoir. She gave the order for the carriage to be sent for to meet her, and then she laid down before the fire, resting her head on a low velvet chair. She wore a heavy mourning robe, simple yet costly, and her delicate face and throat gleamed with so dark a setting. She was altered from the Margery of the summer, yet her face was only a child's face. Her youth, the purity of her countenance, her deep sapphire eyes, her curly black tresses of red-gold curls, were gone. The admiration of Pauline, she brought her mistress some tea, served in fragile Sevres china, and then stood for an instant and looked down on the face that was so fair in the fire glow.

"Miladi is tired," she said, sympathetically; "she walks so much."

"I am very weary," Margery answered, waking from her thoughts; "but that is ended now, I hope."

She spoke to herself more than to her maid; her mind was on the one subject that had engrossed her all the afternoon. Pauline smiled; she thought she understood the meaning of her words.

"Ah, milord is to return?" she decided, and went away to her room.

Margery sat on before the fire. The tea had revived her, yet she seemed strangely agitated as the time drew near of her midnight meal. A vague sense of approaching trouble had come over her, and she put her hand to her heart to try to stay its quick, hurried beat. She had been thinking so deeply that her nerves were unstrung. The solitude had tried her, she told herself; yet even as she whispered this, her heart began to flutter again. It was a strange, incomprehensible feeling, a feeling she had never experienced before, and she longed for, yet dreaded, her husband's return.

At last the sound of wheels caught her ear, and she rose from her seat.

"I will be firm— I must forget!" she whispered. "My love, good-bye, good-bye."

Then she heard the sound of voices in the hall and knew that her husband was close at hand. She turned to greet him as the door opened, and in the dim light she saw two men enter.

"Margery, my wife!" said Nugent's grave, tender voice; and his lips touched hers.

His companion not coming forward, she still holding Margery's hand, looked around.

"I have brought a friend home, darling. It is only a flying visit, as he is off to Australia; but I persuaded him to come for a few days. There will be a bond of friendship between you through poor Gerant. Crosbie, let me introduce you to the contents of my bag."

The stranger moved forward mechanically, grasped her hand, raised her eyes, and, with a sudden agony of pain, saw her lover, Stuart, before her.

She tried to offer her hand, but the effect was too much. A mist dimmed her vision, her brain reeled, and she fell to the ground, pale and unconscious, at her husband's feet.

Pauline rushed in as the bell rang loudly. She pushed aside the earl as, in terror and alarm, he knelt beside his wife, never noticing that Stuart Crosbie stood silent in the centre of the room, his hand grasping a chair.

"It is nothing," cried the maid, raising Margery's beautiful head. "Miladi will walk, and bring the fatigue. Miladi has been desolve in milord's absence, and now is his joy. See the recovery, milord! Leave me with her alone, she will be well."

CHAPTER XXVI.

At midnight, while the clouds were driven across the moon by the wind, Stuart Crosbie sat in his chamber at Court Manor, his arms folded, his head bent dejectedly upon his breast. He was stunned by the strange events of the past day. He could never tell how he had borne himself through the long evening, though every incident was grave on his heart forever. He could not grasp the meaning of what had taken place. He met the earl at his club, having a little time to spare before the vessel sailed, and he accepted Lord Court's invitation with a vague feeling that he should escape the reproaches, mute and open, which otherwise he must hear in town. The earl had taken a sudden liking to the young man; and some rumour reaching his ears as to Stuart's proposed voyage to Australia, he begged the nephew of his old friend to honor him with a short visit before his

**Greatest Invention of age For Hoarseness, Weak Throat**

Nothing So Far Discovered Is So Beneficial to Public Speakers, Ministers, Singers and Teachers as Catarrhzone.

Because of its strengthening influence upon the vocal cords, Catarrhzone cannot be too highly recommended as a wonderful voice improver. It almost instantly removes hoarseness or hoarseness, thus insuring clearness and brilliancy of tone. Catarrhzone keeps the mucous surfaces in perfect condition, and its regular use absolutely prevents colds and throat irritation, thereby removing the singer's greatest source of anxiety— his own unfitness of voice. The most eminent speakers and prima donnas are seldom without Catarrhzone, and credit in no small degree their uniform strength and brilliancy of tone to its influence.

**Singer Recommends Catarrhzone.**

"For many years I have been a sufferer from that terrible disease known as CATARRH. 'Being a professional singer, you can readily understand that Catarrh would be a serious hindrance to my professional skill.

"On the year ago I read in the 'Progress' a convincing testimonial from one who had been cured of this disease through using your God-sent invention, Catarrhzone.

"Believing in the merit of Catarrhzone, I tried it.

"Catarrhzone cured me and has been my constant cure ever since.

"You are at liberty to use my name if it will help relieve some poor suffering, and I will always remain,

"Bob Bixley, New Glasgow, N.S."

Mr. Bixley is one of the best known singers and entertainers in the Maritime Provinces. Everyone knows him, and his testimonial for Catarrhzone is the best evidence of its worth and great benefit. Catarrhzone is to those suffering with throat weakness or catarrh.

Complete outfit, consisting of a beautifully polished hard rubber inhaler, and sufficient liquid for recharging to last six months, costs one dollar. Sold by all druggists, or sent safely to your address by mail if price is forwarded to the Catarrhzone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., or Kingston, Ont.

departs. So Stuart had assented hardly heeding whether he went, his mind occupied with the task before him to find his cousin Margery; and in the twilight with the fire light revealing her levelness, he had, with a shock that stunned him, come suddenly face to face with the girl he sought the girl he loved.

It was so strange, so incomprehensible. A feeling of acute pain came to him. At the sight of Margery his love rose up again in all its vigor, full of bitterness and despair, however, for she was a stranger. He sat on in the night, his brain full of disturbing thoughts. The mystery, the suddenness of the whole thing seemed to stun him, to crush his very being. During the whole evening he had sat listening to his host's answer, and answering in monosyllables. Margery did not appear, of that he was only too distinctly conscious. The cost was a blank. And now he was alone, bewildered, tormented by pain, despair, love. His journey was ended before he had commenced, for he had found Sir Douglas Gerant's daughter, found the object of his search. In the morning he must unfold his tale and then go for her forever.

He rose, and approaching the window, opened it. How came Margery hither? he asked himself. What strange fate had brought him to her at that very moment? What story would it be on the morrow? Had he wronged or doubted his love? A cold shudder seized him at the very thought. With an effort he put it from him. What could Margery say in self defence? She had been cruelly deceived him. Whatever it was he could not forget that.

(To be Continued.)

**POPES WHO HAVE RULED THE CHURCH.**

Pope Sixtus V. is counted the 263rd prelate to occupy that highest ecclesiastical office.

While there have been 263 Popes, there are only seventy-eight different names in the list. Twenty-three bore the name of Joannes, sixteen that of Gregory, fourteen Clemens, fourteen Benedict, thirteen Leo, thirteen Innocent, ten Pius; ten Stephen, nine Boniface, eight Alexander and eight Urban.

There have been six Popes named Hadrian, while each of the names Paul Sixtus, Nicholas, Martin and Caelestone has been borne by five Popes. There were four Eugenues, four Honorius and four named Anastasius. Four others were named Sergius and four more Felix.

The names that appear three times in the list are Julius, Calixtus, Lucius and Victor. The names that appear only twice are Marcellus, Gelasius, Pashalis, Theobaldus, Constantine and Pelagus.

Pius I. became Pope in 142. More than thirteen centuries passed before there was another Pope of that name, but only four and a half centuries be between Pius II. and Pius X.

Although there have been ten Stephans, there has been none since 1057. All the twenty-three Popes who were named Joannes ruled the Church between 523 and 1340, an average of nearly three to a century.

Pope Clemens I. appeared in 91. The last Pope of that name, Clement XIV., appeared in 1769. There were more than fourteen centuries between Ebo I. and Leo XIII.

There were only four Popes in the first century. The lowest number in any one century since then was in the nineteenth—six. There were twenty-five in the tenth and twenty each in the seventh and eighth. The eleventh century had nineteen and the thirteenth and sixteenth had seventeen each.

The Popes of the twelfth century numbered sixteen; third, fifteen; eighth, tenth, thirteen each; fifth and fourth, twelve each; seventeenth, eleventh, second and fourth, ten each, while the eighteenth had eight.

Pope Pius IX. was in power thirty-one years, the longest of all, while some of his predecessors held the reins only a few days.

**AFTER EFFECTS OF FEVER**

How to Build Up Health and Strength After Wasting Diseases.

When the system is run down, following attacks of fever, la grippe, or other wasting diseases, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are of special value. They make new, rich blood, which reaches every organ and every nerve in the body, and in this way restore the patient to active health, vigor and strength. In proof of this we give the case of Mrs. James Randall, Silverstream, Sask., who says: "I feel that if there is anyone who ought to testify to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills it is myself. About four years ago I was taken down with typhoid fever, which left me in a very weak state and my stomach so impaired that even a drink of milk would cause me pain. To make matters worse the change of life followed, and although I was under the care of one of the best doctors, I was steadily growing worse. Before I was sick I had often read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but thought no more about them. But now when I was sick and helpless and almost hopeless, and with no benefit coming from medical treatment, I kept thinking of the Pills and finally decided to try them. I did so and I am thankful to be able to say that they restored me to health and strength, and enabled me to pass through that trying period, from which so many poor women emerge with shattered health. I hope that many other poor sufferers may read this statement and take fresh courage from it, as I am sure that what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me they will do for others. I may add that I always keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the home, and feel that they are better than a doctor."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box of six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**FIXING UP FURNITURE.**

Revarnishing and Renovating in Order at This Season.

To remove old varnish use alcohol, and in stubborn places fine sharp emery or sand paper.

To remove ink from furniture wipe the spots with oxalic acid; let it stand a few minutes and then rub well with a cloth wet in warm water.

To remove whitish marks resulting from placing hot dishes on the table, pour kerosene on the spot and rub it hard with a soft cloth. Then pour a little spirits of wine or cologne water on it and rub dry with another cloth.

When stain is desired on an article always apply it before the first coat of varnish. Never attempt to mix the stain with the varnish itself.

To get best results apply three coats of varnish to plain surfaces, wearing the first two coats down smoothly (this means very lightly) with the finest sandpaper, the third coat being allowed to set in its lustre.

To take out bruises wet the parts with warm water; double a piece of brown paper several times and lay it over the bruise, and on this apply a warm but not hot flatiron till the moisture is evaporated. Sometimes it is necessary to repeat the process before the rent is raised to the surface.

**THE STREET A STAGE.**

(Bruce, in Vancouver Sunnet.)

The streets are a stage, set sometimes to melodrama, or to a pageant; more often to a comedy. As in some Elizabethan piece, we who witness it may be both spectators and players. In Vancouver the play is never dull, the scenery is often striking in color, and the players often picturesque in interest. In larger cities the play is more spectacular, with less of human interest, perhaps, and more emphasis on the "topperies." The play is always improvised, and the street sends up accompaniment to the piece that is always playing; the comedy is humane. It is difficult to render the quick shifting movement of the street types and scenes, and he who could be a clever artist who could in his book catch the essence of the eternal comedy. It is the humanness of it all that has such interest and charm. The street has movement, not mere motion; the people you see are of the streets, not merely in it. In Vancouver's little squalor, little slum life, little crime, little to be seen that is unpleasant or suggestive.

**Valuable Advice to Mothers.**

If your child comes in from play, coughing or showing evidence of grippe, Sore Throat, or sickness of any kind, get out your bottle of Nervine. Rub the chest and neck with Nervine, and give internal doses of ten drops of Nervine in sweetened water every two hours. This will prevent any serious trouble. No liniment or pain reliever equals Folson's Nervine, which has been the great family remedy in Canada for the past fifty years. Try a 25-cent bottle of Nervine.

**LIFE'S THREE QUESTIONS.**

A frater in Harper's Bazaar tells us that the three great questions in life are: "Is it right or wrong? Is it true or false? Is it beautiful or ugly?" These our education should help us to answer, and in so much as it fails it will lack in reaching a proper physical or moral standard. When the college girl returns to her home, whether it be her parents' or her own, her college training should have fitted her to answer these questions in relation to the fundamental needs of life, in food, clothing, and shelter. This education I believe the teachings of home economics to give. General culture not alone means the capacity to understand and appreciate, but to react on the resources and problems of modern civilization, and solve problems in the large mean the preservation of health, the prompting of physical vigor and the material well being of the race.

**IT NEEDED A DIAGRAM.**

Dealer—Yes, quite good, only I can't quite see what it's all about.

Artist—Why, it's a clear as mud. The farmyard at sunrise.

Dealer—Of course, of course. But, say, would you have any objection to making an affidavit to go with it?

## RELIEF IS QUICK; BUT CURE IS SURE

**Napoleon Vaillancourt speaks of Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

They Soon Cured His Kidney Troubles, and in Six Months There Is No Sign of Their Coming Back.

St. Anne des Monts, Gaspé Co., Que., Oct. 3.—(Special)—"It is six months since I was cured, and I have had no return of my trouble," in these words, Napoleon Vaillancourt, a well known resident of this place, gives evidence that Dodd's Kidney Pills not only give quick relief to sufferers from Kidney Disease, but clean that disease out, root and branch, and cure it permanently.

That Mr. Vaillancourt had Kidney Disease everyone here knows. That he is cured is also established beyond a doubt, Dodd's Kidney Pills did it.

"My back bothered me, also my heart and my kidneys, and my limbs would cramp," Mr. Vaillancourt states in giving his experience. Now all that is gone and he is a sound healthy man. Do you wonder that he recommends Dodd's Kidney Pills?

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure quickly and permanently because they go right to the root of the trouble. They act directly on the kidneys. They never fail to cure.

## CONSTIPATED CHILDREN

Constipation in children is the surest sign of danger—the most convincing signal that baby is going to be ill. Constipation leads to and actually causes more suffering in little ones than any other trouble. To keep baby well, his little stomach must be kept sweet and his bowels regular. Baby's Own Tablets will do that—they will do it safely, surely and without pain or gripping. Concerning them Mrs. S. O. Beaton, Bergland, Ont., says: "My baby was bothered almost continually with his stomach and bowels and was greatly constipated. Baby's Own Tablets quickly relieved him and I would not now use any other medicine." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## THE BUCKING HORSE.

A touch of the spur or a flick of the quirt signals the start. His knowledge of what to do must be a heritage from his ancestors, for all horses do it, and all American wild horses are sprung from horses that once carried men. He pops down his head and levitates straight heavenward. While he and you are high in the air he arches his back and stiffens his body to iron rigidity. Thus he comes back to earth. The sensation to the rider is as if his spinal column had been struck by a pile driver. The impression is not analyzed at the time, for the horse goes into the air again immediately. He swings to right or left, or he "changes ends" completely while in the air, and you come down facing southward, whereas you were facing northward when you ascended.—American Magazine.

**PERHAPS.**

Monsieur Faux Pas—"Ah, so this is your little son. He is—what you say?—a chip of the old blockhead?"—M. A. P.

**A WOMAN SEXTON.**

A woman has just been appointed sexton of Crowland Abbey, the office having been held by the family to which she belongs since 1792.

The honors of genius are eternal.—Latin.

**MAMMA CRYING THEM.**

"What are you crying for, children?"

"We're just eaten a pot of mamma's raspberry jam."

"Ah, so you've all got stomach aches, I suppose."

"No, on the contrary."